

# Two Half Lives Don't Make A Whole

by Nexus Red

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Summary: Jim hasn't given into Breen's rule. he has set out to find a solution to his problems; answers to his questions. He believed Aperture Science Labs contain all of the answers he needs. Rated M for severe language and some pretty gross stuff. R&R is appreciated!

1. Day 1: 3:00 PM Location: Outside City

\_I'm a loner\_

\_A thinker\_

\_I don't play nice with others\_

\_It's not that I don't like people\_

\_They just don't like me\_

Jim, 17, walked with his hands in his pockets through the dystopian society. Tall buildings surrounded his every step as the red clouds hung over head. He was heading somewhere, he just didn't know where.

\_If you think about it\_

\_Why do I need people\_

\_Friendsâ€" what good are they?\_

\_What can they do?\_

\_What are they after?\_

\_Everyone has an agenda\_

\_I'll be damned if I find someone that doesn't\_

He was on the edge of the city limits. He turned his head back to view the city once more. He was running away from everything " his life, his family, his job, his school, everything.

\_There's nothing for me in that god-forsaken place\_

\_I had to get out of there\_

\_I only took a few things with me\_

\_Some pictures of my mom\_

\_and... dad\_

\_I didn't have anything else\_

\_Step Dad wouldn't let me have anything to begin with\_

\_"You have a bed and a computer. You don't need anything else. I pay for the food, don't I? I pay for the house!" he would say in his drunken stupor.\_

\_The beatings were bad\_

\_I mean\_

\_Who would want to take that?\_

\_Nothing I couldn't handle or hide\_

\_In that society, you take whatever gets thrown at you\_

\_You didn't talk back to your parents no matter what they did\_

He looked down at his ankle. The tracking anklet that had become a part of his " and every kid's life in City 11 " was finally off. He had managed to cut it before he left home. He knew it would be minutes until they surrounded the house to apprehend the rule breaker.

\_They deal with rule breakers differently in City 11\_

\_You don't get put in jail\_

\_You don't get 'probation'\_

\_You don't get 'parol'\_

\_You don't get 'public service'\_

\_You get the mines.\_

\_That's right.\_

\_The mines are run by the "Civil Protection". \_

\_Hellish beasts. \_

\_They have no emotion\_

\_So... No pity\_

\_No Compassion\_

\_When you disobey them, they usually go too far.\_

Jim brushed his hands through his scraggly, black hair and adjusted his glasses. He continued down the dirt path. He saw, in the distance, a break in the clouds. A place where the sun had come out to warm the cold earth. It seemed so far away. The impenetrable smog that always covered the city of City 11 never let a gleam of sunlight through. They were taught about sun in school. He had seen pictures, but had never felt it. Jim longed to have the rays beam across his face, illuminating his way, warming his cold body. However, as soon as the sun was there, it was also gone.

\_Damn this cold earth!\_

\_Damn Breen!\_

\_Damn them all! \_

\_This place\_

\_This hell we live in\_

\_I want it all to end!\_

\_I don't know how I managed to escape\_

\_I don't care\_

\_I am free now\_

\_The Combine Overwatch would dare not come out this far. I just have to be wary of the zombies...\_

2. Night 1: 10:00 PM Location: Unknown

\_I should have brought a gun\_

\_I don't know how much longer I can outrun the beasts\_

\_Should I collapse\_

\_The creatures would take me for sure\_

\_Was all this worth it?\_

\_Escaping just to die?\_

Jim kept running. So far, he had not encountered any Fast Zombies. Just the Standard Zombies and a Poison Zombie or two. Easy to outrun... for now. He had to find a shelter soon. Somewhere safe. He could not make it all night. There was no known resistance force nearby.

\_I have to change course\_

\_If memory serves\_

\_I'm heading towards the beach\_

\_Antlions\_

\_Not only are they fast\_

\_But the bastards can fly too\_

\_I need a gun or some sort of weapon.\_

The night before Jim's mom disappeared, she told him something, "you were destined to do something great. This hole is not the place for you. Be careful not to lose yourself! Get out of here while you still can!" That was four years ago. He had spent every day up until today figuring out a way to get out of City 11.

\_I'm nothing special\_

\_What can I do?\_

\_I'm an outcast\_

\_I'm no Gordon Freeman\_

\_I can't take down a citadel\_

\_There is a rumor of a special project\_

\_It is being conducted by Aperture Science\_

\_The "Test Subject Project" is what people call it.\_

\_It uses... portal science.\_

\_I know.\_

\_It sounds crazy.\_

\_But if there's anyone that can help me find my purpose\_

\_Help me find out what to do\_

\_They won't be the resistance\_

\_They'll be at Aperture Science\_

Jim's pace had slowed. He was growing weary as he approached the shores. The zombies had all left. Jim felt around in his pocket. He pulled out a few pictures. He looked at the one of his mom and him. She was smiling and holding him, like always. He looked at another. His dad. His mom had never told him about his dad. He just knew his name. His name was

\_Doug Rattmann\_

\_A brilliant scientist\_

\_He worked on the Aperture Image Format\_

\_I... I don't really know what it is\_

\_But someday, I hope to meet my father.\_

Jim Rattmann stood on the border that stood between the sand and the grass. He would smell the seawater. It was bittersweet. Despite how amazing and beautiful it was, he knew of the terrible danger that lied in the sand.

\_The beach is just like a girl\_

\_Beautiful but deadly\_

Jim smiled at his brief moment of humor. There was no way around it. He had to cross the beach. He took the first step onto the beach and heard the shrill of antlions. They approached him at an incredible speed. They were on top of him within seconds.

3. Day 2: 3 AM Location: Unknown

\_Primal instinct is kicking in\_

\_These monsters \_

\_My attackers\_

\_They are animals\_

\_I will kill them \_

\_Just like they are trying to do to me\_

\_I'll use their carcasses to fight off the others\_

\_I'll blend in as one of them\_

Jim kick and punched against his attackers. He needed to find something to kill at least one antlion with. He saw a stick. A rather big stick. He held off the antlions while he reached for the weapon. Inches away from it, his hand fell short. He tried inching towards it, but he was being held down. However, as antlions tend to do, they became antsy and began to fly around, alternating sides. This shift in weight allowed him to grab the stick. As one of the antlions landed in front of him, he stabbed the creature through the head. It fell limp upon his body and the creatures went wild. He cut the beast open and gagged.

\_The stench was absolutely unbearable \_

\_The creature's entrails instantly spilled upon me\_

\_The orange-green blood gushed forth onto my chest\_

\_What I assume was its heart fell onto my face\_

\_I turned over and threw up knowing what I had to do\_

\_I began to lather myself with the creature's bowels\_

Almost instantly, the creatures seemed to become blind. They began to look around confused. The antlions no longer saw Jim as a human, but as another antlion. The monsters gave up their fruitless search and burrowed back into the sand.

\_I'll have to keep this stuff on as long as I'm on the beach\_

\_I'd throw up if there was anything left\_

Jim grabbed the creatures organs. He needed food. Badly. Those parts would have to be his dinner. As bad as they would taste, he needed fuel. Jim took a bite out of the heart. Instantly, antlion blood came spewing forth. He spat it out and let it drain as he threw up. Reluctantly, he took another bite. Choking it down, he did not savor the taste. After he was finished, he kept on moving. The rumbling in his stomach due to hunger was now replaced by the rumbling of an upset stomach. He forced himself not to throw up. He just took his thoughts off of his dinner and focussed on his condition.

\_I'm safe for now\_

\_The zombies most certainly will not come out onto the beach\_

\_and now the antlions won't bother with me \_

\_I do need sleep though\_

Jim dug a small hole indent in the sand. It had gotten late and he needed sleep. He would save the food for the morning. He laid down in his makeshift burrow. As uncomfortable as it was, he needed rest. After about an hour, he fell asleep to the sound of his own voice.

\_I'm safe for now\_

\_I'll make it\_

\_I'll find dad\_

\_I'll find my purpose\_

\_I'll do...\_

4. Day 3: 12 PM Location: Unknown

\_I've been walking for...\_

\_I don't know how long\_

\_It seems like hours\_

\_Days\_

\_But I know it hasn't been that long\_

Jim kept walking across the hot sand. The heat had become unbearable.

The water looked ever so inviting, but... the leeches... He couldn't risk it. With no water, he could only dream of it. The cold liquid running down his dry, burning throat. The refreshing feel over his body, cooling him down. All of this was quickly forgotten as he saw the heat waves dance across the sand.

\_Get a grip, Jim \_

\_You can handle this\_

\_Aperture Science\_

\_We do what we must because we...\_

\_Uh...\_

\_How does that song go?\_

\_Can!\_

\_That's right...\_

\_Because we can...\_

Jim hummed the song to himself as he trekked across the desert-like beach. The time was... the sun wasn't directly above him, so it had to be around one or one-thirty. Nightfall couldn't come soon enough. Jim's walk took him to a cliff overlooking the ocean. On it was a house. Run down as it was, maybe there was someone or something there that could help him.

\_Thank God\_

\_A house\_

\_Let's hope there's something in there I can use to my advantage\_

\_Maybe a gun\_

\_Or food\_

\_Or water\_

As Jim approached the door, he saw a combine lock on it. He cursed under his breath. He walked around back and found an open door. He walked into the cool building, but heard a sound he wasn't accustomed to. It sounded like a man struggling to breathe. He sounded like he needed help! He ran through the house and found a Combine gun and some ammo. He looked around, but could not find anyone. The breathing continued. He kept looking around until he heard a noise under his foot. He kicked the board and found that it was hollow. Jim pried it open and tore away the other boards. He jumped down there and turned on the light. It was a whole basement full of food and water. Enough to last a full-out war! He heard the breathing coming from a door in the far wall. He walked towards it.

\_Hello?\_

\_Sir? Ma'am?\_

\_Anyone in there?\_

\_I'm here to help! \_

\_I'll get you out, don't worry!\_

Jim took the butt of his gun and rammed it against the doorknob. Suddenly, as the doorknob fell, the door burst forth, knocking Jim to the ground. Standing in front of him was a Combine Soldier.

\_Holy Shit!\_

Jim jumped up and aimed his gun at the Soldier. Oddly enough, it did not attack. Nor did it have a gun. He just stood there.

\_Hello? Anyone in there?\_

Jim waved his hand in front of the soldier's face. Nothing. Suddenly, the soldier fell forward onto Jim as headcrabs poured out of the dark doorway, followed by a Poison Zombie.

\_Mother of God! \_

\_I have to get out of here!\_

Jim shoved the dead soldier off of him. He ran at full speed, dodging the headcrabs. He threw his gun threw the floor and then hoisted himself up and out. He grabbed the gun and started to run. There was no way he could fight off all of the headcrabs, or even the zombie. He only had one gun and a box of ammo. He couldn't waste it on a doomed attempt. Jim slammed himself through front door, not wanting to take the risk of trying to find the back door in the large house. The headcrabs poured out form the floor and headed towards Jim. The Poison Zombie smashed through the floor boards, following his spawn. Jim kept running. He had an idea. Suddenly, a Fast Zombie burst through the floor as well. Amazing how fast the headcrabs worked on the dead soldier. Jim sped off towards the beach. The zombies and headcrabs were catching up, but as soon as they stepped onto the beach, the antlions rose out of the sand. They attacked the horde as Jim made his getaway. From here, he could see a field with a little shed in the middle. He couldn't put his finger on it, but there was something about this shed. It drew him in. He knew that the shed held the answers to all of his questions. He just knew it.

End  
file.